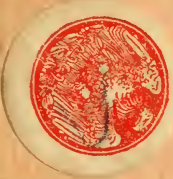


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1909



# *Small Things Antique*



*By*

*Mary  
Saltonstall  
Parker*



Class PS 3531

Book A6S6

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SMALL  
THINGS  
ANTIQUE

By

MARY SALTONSTALL PARKER

AUTHOR OF

At the Squire's in Old Salem  
Salem Scrap Book  
Rules for Salad, in rhyme  
A Baker's Dozen of Charades,  
Etc.



Salem, Massachusetts  
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## The Yellow Mug.

Oft, my imagination feeds  
Upon a mug of yellow Leeds,  
It bears four printed words in black,  
Sure, naught of sentiment they smack,  
Perchance some teacher or adviser  
Bestowed this trifle on Eliza.

No record of a child's good deeds,  
Blazoned upon the mug one reads,  
No mention that for duties done,  
Or perfect tasks the prize was won;  
For growing saintlier, or wiser,  
But just "A Trifle for Eliza."

By it a parent may have sought,  
To show his love, yet felt he ought,  
To add no laudatory verse,  
No budding virtues to rehearse,  
Simply a present to surprise her,  
A birthday gift for young Eliza.

Perhaps some swain who'd tried the power  
In vain, of prayer and song and flower,  
Presented to his wearied fair  
This mug, and conquered then and there,  
At last, because of words a miser,  
He gained the day with dear Eliza.

Her history lost, let's recollect  
Whoe'er she was, we must respect,  
'Twixt giver and herself a bond  
Of friendship or affection fond,  
Then do not venture to despise her,  
Or smile at this unknown Eliza.





## Badges.

1850.

A satin badge of oblong shape  
Surmounted by a knot of crape,  
Made, when a nation had to mourn,  
From Presidential office torn.  
It's chief, presents his face, beneath  
A star, and sword, and laurel wreath.  
That hero snatched from peril's jaws  
Time and again, in bloody wars,  
Laid low, by an imprudent diet  
Could not recover, conquered by it.

1840.

Two badges tied with pink and blue  
Instruct the people what to do,  
In language strong, and lurid print  
At national collapse they hint.  
Unless they, to avert this fate  
Choose the "Log Cabin Candidate—"  
Thus steering in the right direction  
The voters for the next election.

## Warming Pans.

Once to Lord Timothy, of Newb'ryport  
Some wags proposed ('twas only meant in  
sport),

With warming pans of brass and copper, he  
A ship should load, bound for the Southern Sea.  
The man, a little simple, saw no fun,  
He liked the plan, accordingly 'twas done.  
With this strange cargo weighted down, the ship  
Made to some isle uncivilized, her trip.

Down to the beach, the swarming natives ran  
Each bargained for a glittering warming pan,  
Their shimmering beauty pleased the savage  
mood.

(They could not use them in that latitude).

In old New England homes their use is ended,  
They hang with ribbon from the wall suspended,  
They stood for so much comfort in the days  
When all our heating came from log fires' blaze.

In frigid room our grandsire curled his toes  
On toasted sheets, and covered up his nose,  
Rather than warm our beds with heated metal,  
We fill hot water bags from steaming kettle.  
A bag may leak 'tis true (misfortune dire),  
But never could it set the bed on fire.

## Historic Table Linen.

Once table cloths and politics,  
The manufacturers chose to mix—  
Then party motto and design  
Were woven into linen fine.  
In warp and woof there live again  
Insignia of the old campaign,  
When banners bore these emblems queer,  
A hut of logs and keg of beer—  
Such fabric, connoisseurs invest,  
With real, historic interest.  
Depicted on a cloth's four corners  
Barrels and bee hives share the honors.  
The streets and parks of Washington  
In Tyler's day, the sides adorn,  
While in the damask centre field,  
A screaming eagle grabs a shield,  
Declaring, spite of feud and fuss,  
*Unum* shall stand, *E pluribus*.

## The Toasting Fork.

In Grandpa's dining room, as swift  
Fell evening, I remember  
How brands upon the hearth we'd lift,  
And rake the glowing ember.  
A toasting fork, with sharpened prongs  
Hung by the chimney near the tongs.

Within that cheerful light we'd kneel,  
Nor wanted lamp or candle.  
And on the fork of burnished steel,  
Held by its lengthy handle,  
Such toast we made, done to a turn,  
No smallest edge allowed to burn.

Those squares all hot, and brown, and thin,  
Our elders laid, high piling  
On plates, with butter melting in,  
So fragrant and beguiling,  
We felt rewarded by their charm  
For scorched face and aching arm.



## Pink Lustre.

No china is there one can buy  
With old pink lustre ware to vie  
So rarely this is found except  
Some odd piece from a corner swept;  
The china hunter has to muster  
By slow degrees his peerless lustre.

Its decoration chiefly shows  
House, tree, and fence all tinted rose,  
Where walls stand on a crooked slant,  
And roofs are at a dangerous cant.  
What maid so careful you could trust her,  
To lay a hand upon that lustre?

No art today its sheen can catch  
Or just that perfect color match,  
If some is yours, I must beseech  
You, place it up far out of reach,  
Where you alone may wield the duster.  
And care for your belovèd lustre.



## Jewelry of Past Generations.

Seven decades back, in Washington,  
A Salem damsel, who would don  
Her best, when she to functions went,  
(Van Buren, then, was president).  
At balls a topaz necklace wore,  
'Twas sent to her from Baltimore.  
With ear rings too, which matched, and pendant,  
All sparkling with a fire transcendent—  
And lastly, a ferrennière  
To droop upon her forehead fair,  
Their special beauty was, I think  
The stones not yellow were, but pink.  
Yet now they call (distinction cruel),  
The topaz but a *semi-jewel*.

A bracelet decked with amethyst  
Circled some white and slender wrist.

The necklaces festooned with pearls  
Worn by our grandmothers, when girls

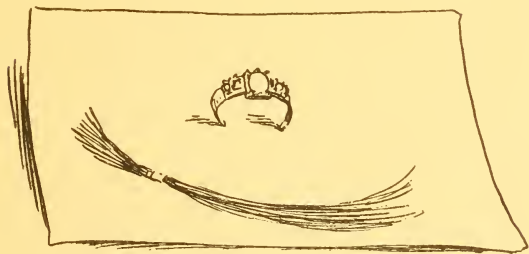






Survive. So frail our modern hands  
Are awkward with the tiny strands.  
A large pearl centres each rosette,  
These all with smaller pearls are set.  
While thread strung with minutest beads  
From one part to another leads.

O'er one more relic must I linger,  
A ring to fit a taper finger—  
The opal with its changing sheen,  
Sunk comfortably in between  
Two modest stones of ruddy shade.  
This, Henry Clay, a present made  
(By sentimental ardor fired),  
To someone whom he much admired,  
Besides the ring, the little box  
Contains a piece of "Henry's" locks.





### The Patch Box.

A pink enameled box I own,  
The kind they used for patches  
When Beauties-on their cheeks would hide  
Imaginary scratches.  
Like all such dainty things antique.  
Of romance past it seems to speak.

A maiden long ago received  
This patch-box from her lover.  
Behold, surrounded by a wreath  
A legend on its cover.  
"Though small this trifle may appear  
Accept it, and my love sincere."

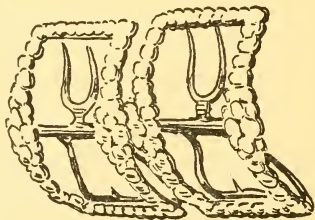
He did not send her flowers, for flowers  
Must fade, the youth reflected,  
To treasure all his spoken words  
She could not be expected.  
In Lethe's waves to be entombed,  
The lover's vows so oft are doomed.

And so in fancy I can see  
Him bring this rosy token,  
It takes his message which will last,  
(Unless the box is broken.)  
Though small indeed, one inch across,  
His heart and soul the words endorse.

She answered "yes" within the year  
And always found his love sincere.

## Knee Buckles.

Great Uncle Joe, in days of yore  
At gala times these buckles wore,  
They held secure below the knee  
His breeches, fitting to a T.  
With toe of kid, and satin heel  
His feet skimmed through the tortuous reel.  
His pigeon wing, and pirouette  
The envy of the younger set ;  
As greeting all with smiles and chuckles,  
He kept in evidence the buckles—  
What if those jewels were but paste,  
They shone to suit the gaudiest taste.  
With thousand sparks they gleamed and glinted,  
As up and down the hall he sprinted.



## The Clock.

The chiming of the ancient clock  
Drowns for a space its slow tick-tock.  
Those eight strokes pierce the youthful heart  
For school the hour has come to start.

The mother, left at home, must stock  
With fresh baked loaves her ample crock.  
While working, never lonely she,  
The time piece keeps her company.

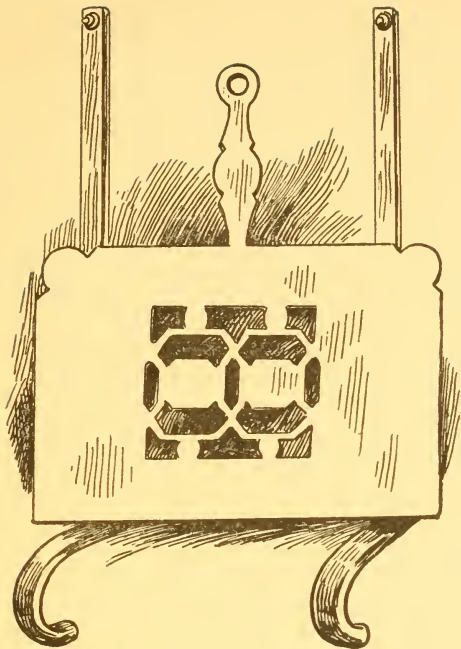
Children and spouse, a hungry flock  
Demand their food at twelve o'clock,  
Just as they hear "one dozen" peal,  
They're ready to begin the meal.

Towards twilight, having changed her frock  
The door she opens, at the knock  
Of village gossip, who prepares  
To settle neighborhood affairs.

Their tongues let loose, they sit and rock—  
The neighbor knits a crimson sock—  
Her dish of gossip finished, she  
E're leaving, takes a "dish of tea."

The master glancing at the clock,  
At nine secures the massive lock,  
And when ten strokes smite loud and clear,  
They fall upon no waking ear.





### The Footman.

Detained, 'tis oft our dreary fate  
To get a supper cold,  
The Footman cared for comers late  
In good old days of old—  
By keeping hot, hooked on to fender  
The cup of tea and biscuit tender.

## Cup Plates.

Our Forbears, whom they called polite,  
And used to good society, quite,  
Would without straining any rule  
In saucer pour their tea to cool.  
Quaffing from which (as they would fain  
The tablecloth protect from stain),  
They placed their cups which might be wet  
In "cup plates" for the purpose set.

Some of the small glass plates portray  
The visage mild of Henry Clay,  
On others, through the workman's craft  
Stands Bunker Hill's memorial shaft.

Advancing taste set up a wail,  
That such a fashion should prevail.  
The plates were thrown aside forlorn,  
Treated with carelessness and scorn,  
Thus added value do they gain,  
As coveted, but few remain.



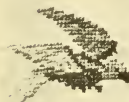
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Keep Watchful Eye  
The Good Wife must  
And tid her House  
Each Day of durt.



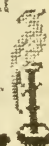
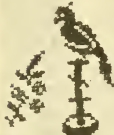
Her Husband never  
(If She be neat)  
Wears undarned



Stockings  
On his Feet.



And his Approval  
Is the Prize  
To look for as  
Her Needle flies.



*'Tis oft a treat aside to throw  
Employment up-to-date, and sew  
(Though be it much at eye sight's cost)  
A sampler fine, with stitches crossed.*

---

### Verses From Samplers.

I wish my wit and skill were ampler  
That I might work a better sampler.  
Who would not be a sloth, or slattern  
Must make the Busy Bee her pattern.

Keep watchful eye  
The good wife must  
And rid her house  
Each day of dust.

Her husband ne'er  
(If she be neat),  
Wears undarned stockings  
On his feet.

And his approval  
Is the prize,  
To look for as  
Her needle flies.



## The Watch Key.

A piece of red carnelian, bound  
With silver, edging it around,  
According to a pattern old  
Is made a watch's key to hold.



The man who purchased it when young,  
Across his waistcoat, wore it hung—  
And never let his watch run slow,  
It pays to be on time, you know.  
As varying moods beset his breast  
Through life, when going to his rest,  
Quite tenderly the key he'd twist  
If looking toward romantic tryst  
Again, the spring by jerks would wind  
To ease a sore, indignant mind.

Thus track of time he kept, until  
His life was run: In chamber still  
Where watchers sat by shaded light,  
The key lay all untouched one night.

## A Silver Skewer.

Two ladies came from England's shores,  
Quite late in life with all their stores,  
Their manners quaint and gentle ways  
Were redolent of earlier days.

A limit ever they ignored  
As to the number which their board  
At meal times would accommodate,  
They welcomed all, however late.  
These hostesses, who, you must know  
Arrived here many years ago,  
When "Articles de Luxe" were fewer  
Possessed a handsome silver skewer.  
Twelve inches long, and very stout,  
With ring by which to pull it out,  
It used to hold a turkey's wings  
Confined, and other roasted things,  
Not that the poor bird could escape  
It only kept his comely shape—  
By its removal at the feast,  
The sage and onions were released.



This instrument employed of old  
To draw together and to hold,  
Is used entirely now to sever  
(Thus "the old order changeth ever")—  
For every day, it cuts the page  
Of magazine, where bard and sage  
Have stored for us a royal feast,  
Which only waits to be released.





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